

Masthead Logo

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Mother

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Beth Roberts

MOTHER

I was thinking you'd call when the floods came
though I know it was worse in Ohio still
this state empties out into vowels too
like bayou and poor one and lucky

Drew's gone out to get some stuff it's late
I was late coming home with the truck
again he said he knew it would happen
I was going to sell encyclopaedias to a farmer

over in Cordova for a few bucks for once
I watched the sun wander and ripen you could
smell it all over the fields where the furrows
grew mellow and I passed one deer crossing

sign and I thought of you it's true I did
forget the time with all that wrinkled air
and rabbits buzzing in the ditches I could've
gone all evening and never found the farmer